

THE

Five Points Monthly

NEW-YORK :

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GENERAL CONTENTS :


Original Articles, Narratives, and Information,
DESIGNED

To illustrate Heathen and Missionary Life
in the heart of New York :

To exhibit the progress of "Five-Points"
reform and practical benevolence in the
cities of this and other countries :

To enforce, illustrate, and perfect, the true
Economy of Benevolence, which invigor-
ates the poor with Opportunity, instead
of weakening them with Dependence, and
in place of making men Paupers, aims to
make paupers Men :

To promote fresh (if not novel) conceptions
of the Christian structure of Society and
Life ; a radical and unsparing application
of the principles of CHRIST ; and a sim-
ple imitation of His life, and of the full
sympathies of His humanity.

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ADDRESS

The Editor, WM. C. CONANT, care of REV. L. M. PEASE, Five Points House of Industry.

Subscriptions received also by C. L. BEACE, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society ;

and by ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, 683 Broadway :—NEW YORK.

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HECKERS' FARINA.

THE following document exhibits the superiority of HECKERS' FARINA, as a table luxury for healthy persons, and as a gruel and other preparations for the sick and convalescent

Extract from the Report of the Judges appointed to examine the articles included in Class 53, at the Eighth Annual Exhibition of the Maryland Institute, for the Promotion of Mechanic Arts.

"The article called Farina, is made of wheat, and has been introduced of late years into use as a highly nutritious substance, both for the convalescent from disease, and for those in good health. The Committee, from a careful examination, microscopically, of the specimen furnished them, are satisfied that it has been prepared from wheat alone. The appearance of the starch granules of every farinaceous substance is peculiar and distinct, and there can be no mistaking one for the other, when the microscope is employed in the examination. The Committee would award a first premium to this article for the following reasons:

"It is a pure preparation from wheat, without the admixture of any other grain; and it is a most admirable article of diet for invalids, inasmuch as it combines all the various kinds of material which the system requires to keep itself in proper action—in this particular, having the greatest possible advantage over Tapioca, most of the varieties of Sago, and Arrow-Root, since the latter are only supplied with Starch, one of the constituents of wheat bread, which seems to have been designed to be the type of a nutritious substance suited to all our wants. Physiologists, however, have considered that to confine 'a prisoner to a starch diet alone, would be to put him to death by a lingering, torturing starvation;' and hence the necessity of other constituents in a substance intended for food. The other constituents furnished by the Farina, are gluten and albumen, and are such as will be required by the human system. The testimony of the Medical Profession who have used the article, is decidedly in favor of the strong recuperative properties of Farina; and the experience of the Committee, as well as that of many members of the Institute, during the Exhibition, attest the pleasant and palatable character of the various preparations which can be made with it.

"The Committee have experimented with the Self-Raising Buckwheat Meal, by Hecker & Bro., as also with the Self-Raising Flour, and pronounce them to be exactly what they pretend to be—excellent articles for the kitchen. For these, as well as the Macaroni, they think this firm deserve the thanks of our cooks, and a premium from the hands of the Board."

Signed by

LEWIS H. STEINER, M.D.,
GIDEON B. SMITH, M.D.

Baltimore, Nov., 1855.

Farina Jelly Moulds, of various sizes and forms—the Turkish Turban, Ear of Corn, Cluster of Fruit, Rose, Grecian Rose, Cactus, and other patterns; Also, Double Boilers, to prevent burning or scorching, various sizes—may be had at the Croton Flour Mills, 201 Cherry Street.

HECKER & BROTHER.

NEW-YORK, January, 1856.

AVERY
DURST

A LETTER TO YOU.

CHRISTIAN FRIEND:—Will you accept a few lines from me—which are not written with hand and pen, only from want of power—as a distinctly personal communication? Let me frankly address an earnest Christian soul (for such I have some reason to presume you are) upon interests concerning therefore you and me more dearly than the dearest possible interest apart from that of CHRIST's kingdom.

You and I, let me hope, are not contented with the condition and visible prospects of that kingdom in these days. We see the world fitting up as a laboratory of stupendous moral forces, replete with enginery by which man multiplies the years of his life, and the steps of his feet, and the avails of his every energy, by thousands and ten-thousands—all at the disposal of the LORD's professed followers, who, from the “off-scouring of all things”, more depressed than the people of our own Five Points, have risen to the head of commerce, arts, and empires, and now ride upon the high places of the earth! And to what purpose? At the short arm of the lever, as it were, PAUL and his “off-scouring” turned the world upside down. Now, their successors occupy the stand which ARCHIMEDES fancied, and hold in their hands a disposable force which the whole world could not have mustered then. Yet, in place of moving the world, they are more and more carried along with it, and even where they stand foremost in the foremost nations of the earth, they have long been falling behind in comparative numbers and in spiritual power. The valleys have been exalted, the mountains leveled and pierced, and the oceans bridged, to prepare the way of the LORD. Why is this almost miraculous path of power, made as we know, expressly and solely for His kingdom, abandoned to the slaves of mammon and the demons of war?

If with our multiplied numbers, our commanding position and our tremendous implements, our work is a failure, falling more and more behind, we are brought to this great question—and I put it to all the earnestness of your soul—*Why labor still further to multiply numbers and materials of this sort?* If primitive Christianity triumphed with an infinitesimal part of the means which modern Christianity wields almost impotently, must not the disparity between them be one of *kind* rather than quantity? This would seem to be self-evident. Had we not better throw into the fire our census of church-members, appraisal of Christian wealth, statistics of bible, tract and missionary societies, and search anxiously for the elements of a work of different *kind* from the bulky emptiness of all

that we are doing? Is it not time to turn away incredulous ears from the drowsy chant which celebrates from pulpit and press the lilliputian doings of our giant indolence, and cultivate discourse of quite opposite character?—to cease parading the imposing extent of our operations, and consider them in their dwarfish contrast to our immense resources—to the rank growth of the kingdom of SATAN! Yes—the very position upon which the Church congratulates herself, is that which sets her unfit-ness beyond question, palliation, disguise, or excuse.

It is two years since, in default of better hands, the FIVE POINTS MONTHLY undertook to interpret and advance that profound movement of Christianity which became first salient in the direction of the neglected poor, and bore its early fruits in the Five Points House of Industry and the Ragged Schools. The practical study of this movement, has disclosed the broad and deep grasp of its roots in the heart of the Christian system; conducting down to the centre of its life, and again drawing out therefrom a fresh vitality to quicken the whole. The contrast of this study to that of the prevalent religious theory and practice of the day, is full of painful enlightenment. It shows as a necessity, what all may see as a fact, that the theory of practical life generally accredited as Christian, is unable to advance any further the redemption of man, or even to hold in check the hastening decay which already taints the dead-ripening civilization of the age.

Earnest friend, I seek to join hands with you in this cause—to help you, and get your help. Minister or layman, public or private man, man or woman,—if you love CHRIST, there is urgent work for *you*, as well as me, to publish an awakening note throughout your circle of influence. When we see the Church clasped in friendly embrace with the world,—popular, reputable, and subservient: when we see Doctrine fat and Charity famishing: when we see Christian temples and dwellings growing lordly and luxurious, while the unvisited hovels of the poor—as well as the haunts of more deliberative license and guilt prepen-—are filling up with those rank final abominations which God in Nature rejects as intolerable, and sweeps terribly from the earth with all who are responsible for them: when we see the Pulpit well paid and but too well satisfied, and the Religious Press universally sectarian, generally money-making, and often time-serving:—while the enemy is coming in like a flood, and new and captivating forms of infidelity, that reflect and arrogate to themselves the virtues developed by Christianity, are widely deceiving the children of those who died in faith,—and a growing disregard of moral ends and obligations, prevails in government, in society, and

wherever religion had been wont to assert its tutelary power,—and an established fashion of dishonesty in business gives law to the every-day morals of Christians themselves, and blossoms in flagrant and multiplied public frauds,—and to crown all, a public display is made in the very name of virtue, of such polluting and disorganizing crimes as were engendered in the decay of Greek and Roman religion, and preceded the final dissolution and disappearance of those grand systems of life:—are these the times for worn-out sermons and controversial theology, for anniversary glorification and the sleepy repetition of forms and phrases which have become almost incapable of casting a shadow of their un-earthly meaning upon our souls? Is it not time rather, for a great returning, a solemn revision of our whole practical scheme, a remorseless burning up of wood, hay and stubble till the very foundation and CORNER-STONE be once more disclosed! Is it not time for a new and different LUTHER, and a still deeper Reformation!

True, some of these are general and sweeping terms; subject to a few complete exceptions, and to every shade of qualification in thousands of instances. True it is, that looking around in vain among the recognized leaders and organized powers of Christianity for any movement deep and radical enough to reach the necessities of the age, we yet perceive throughout evangelical Christendom obscure stirrings of a life newly born of the Spirit of God, and in almost every place a few faces growing earnest meet us, and at intervals some new strong word or stronger action echoes through the startled slumber of the churches. These things encourage, but they cannot content us. We know by sure tokens that God has reserved to Himself thousands “who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal;” but if we wait till these have passed away, to whom then shall we call?

Such views and experiences constrain our periodical to urge forward and expand and deepen its work. I dare not promise much help from it, to you or your work, for its little size is but a fair index of the insufficient resources of every kind at the back of it—but the purpose is, without diminishing its attention to simply humane interests (or rather those which are too often supposed to be such) to make it the utterance of all we can learn of the mind of CHRIST in the structure of society and life, in a tender and unassuming spirit, but without a particle of deference to the worldly maxims, interests, and indulgences, which have rooted themselves in the sanctuaries of religion and the accredited practice of church-members.

Perhaps you can expend your resources entirely in better alliances, and

find better means for the diffusion of the truth, the full truth, and the fresh truth, which these busy-dreaming times require. If really so, none can have more unaffected joy of it than I. If however it seems good to you to bring into your own soul, your church, your Sunday-school, your family, your circle of neighbors, or to promote in the world at large, such an influence as this Monthly is aiming at—then join hands with me, and give your influence and your active exertions to urge its circulation. You can induce perhaps hundreds beside yourself—perhaps tens—perhaps *one*—to take and peruse it, and then in turn to press it upon others.—But enough. I leave it with you, and with that Power which has no need of you or of me, but may deign, let us hope, to employ us in His own way, in His most holy work.

THE EDITOR.

MISSIONARY LIFE AT THE FIVE POINTS.

BY REV. L. M. PEASE.

I

FIVE WINTERS—dark and dreary winters—have we spent upon the Five Points; surrounded by want and suffering, by beggary, shame, and crime. The fact of living here is not in itself so hard, as the lack of means to supply the wants of the worthy poor, and to afford shelter and protection to the houseless and helpless. We have been compelled by our relation to this people, to witness little bare feet treading the icy pavements, until the nails have been frozen from their toes; to see their skeleton fingers reached out to us, and hear their cry for bread, when we had no bread to give; we have been compelled to leave the widow with her new-born babe upon her bosom, friendless and shelterless upon the street, because we had no shelter for her; to see boys ripen into criminal manhood, and girls into wanton womanhood; we have been compelled to hear hundreds of unfortunates beg in vain, even in the name of our Savior, for an opportunity to reform; and when denied, see them give up in despair, and afterwards die hopeless; and all for want of a little of that of which thousands are so prodigal. This, this is hard. But could we offer a home and protection to every poor wanderer who applies for them—could we take into our little fold all the destitute children urged upon us by their parents—could we open wide the doors of our Institution, and bid the perishing enter—could we feed all the hungry who come to us for bread, and clothe all the naked who cry to us

for covering, then would our relation be easy—be pleasant; then would it, before all others this side heaven, be the one of our choice.

Within the past year over *twelve hundred* have found a home with us, more than *eight hundred* of whom have been placed in situations. To the outdoor poor we have distributed three thousand pairs of shoes, and other garments in proportion, and supplied them with over *one hundred and fifty thousand meals*. We have also provided Christian burial for at least a score of persons who would otherwise have been carried to Potters' Field: an office of humanity which we aim to perform for all who die connected directly or indirectly with our Institution.

A few evenings since, while our family were engaged in repeating their daily verse apiece from the Scriptures, a rap was heard, and when the door opened, one of our little school-boys who lived outside came in. I observed that he looked very sad and wishful, and that during the exercise he wiped his eyes several times. After prayers were over he came forward, but his little heart was so full he could not speak. I asked him what was the matter, when with difficulty he replied, "Oh! sir, mother's dying; and father sent little sister after you, but she couldn't get speaking to you, and so he sent me to have you come down, for we don't know what to do." Before he had made known his simple request, the father came in, exclaiming, "My poor wife is dying, and what shall I do! and what will now become of the children! Oh! sir, won't you come right away with me and see her?" In a few moments we stood with a group of humble mourners by the bedside of the dying; there she lay upon a low bed in the middle of the room, beside which her little daughter, eight years old, was kneeling, and a number of poor neighbors stood looking on. Her eyes were set, her speech gone, her breath labored—she was evidently fast passing from the pinching want which had crushed her. The children wept bitterly—the father sobbed aloud: and after a few moments he exclaimed, "She was a good wife and mother, and did all she could for us!" The little boy who stood beside him looked up through his tears, and said, "Mother always washed our clothes and kept them clean, and got us something good to eat, when she had anything to get."

When all was over, a coarse Irish woman who stood by, brushing away her tears, remarked, "And sure the poor thing never got over the hard rubbing of last winter, for she went without bread many a day, and would have starved, and her children too, if it had not been for your honor's goodness." I remembered that during the last winter, and all the past summer and fall, the children had come for breakfast, and had sometimes stayed for supper, and occasionally asked a loaf to carry

home to mother; and I remembered, too, how sometimes want compelled me to deny their request for bread or even a meal.

The husband had not a dollar wherewith to prepare for her burial. When we had made provision for this, and the stricken family had returned from the quiet resting-place of the lost one to their desolate home, the father felt that he could hold out no longer—that he must give up. The children were consequently placed under our charge—the last article of their little household stock sold, ten dollars and fifty cents raised by the sale, and the father took passage to England again, with all the hopes which brought him to this country blighted forever.

——— For what we have been enabled to do, and are at present doing, we are indebted to the benevolence of our friends; all that *we* are able to furnish for this work, is ourselves; the means to carry it forward must be contributed by others; and just in proportion as means have been received, the needy have been helped, the friendless cared for, the destitute provided with homes, the perishing saved.

Shall this work go on? Christian reader, shall it? or must it be stayed? What say you? It is for you to say. It is now nine o'clock on Saturday evening, wet, cold, and dreary; we left many with their wants unmet, when we came to our office to lay the subject before you, because we had not the ability to meet them. Our treasury is empty, and what is worse, we have been getting in debt for the last four months in our current expenses, and now winter, cheerless and pitiless as ever, is again upon us. What say you—will you help us? If so, will you do it promptly? A dollar can be enclosed in a letter, and sent to our address. A box of clothing can be gathered and forwarded, and among your friends, homes provided for children, or situations for adults.

Don't say you are not able to do anything. A few months ago I received a letter from a little girl in the country, in substance as follows: "I have been reading about the poor children in New-York, and felt that I would like to do something for them, but I hadn't any money of my own, so I asked mother what she thought the butter was worth a day, that I ate. She said she guessed 'twas worth two cents a day. I asked her, if I would go without butter, if she would give me two cents a day to do with as I was a mind. She wished to know what I wanted to do with it. I told her I didn't want to tell until she had promised me. She said she would, and then I told her I wished to send it to you, to buy bread for the poor children on the Five Points—so here's a dollar for that purpose, and I wish to say that my bread never tasted so sweet before, as it has since I have been eating it without any butter."

THE 'TEACHER' IN WILLIAMSBURGH.

BROOKLYN (E. Dist.), Dec. 12th, 1855.

FRIENDS, if you are ready to accompany the 'teacher' on another trip of visitation to the poor and needy, come with me to a certain row of buildings, sometimes designated as the 'Rookery.' The houses are in a tumble-down condition, and have a most unpromising aspect. We climb the first pair of stairs as we enter the alley from —— street. Arriving at the topmost floor, we enter a garret with two small windows stuffed with old rags to keep out the cold, thereby depriving the inmates of the little light they might otherwise have had. There is light enough however, to show us the poverty and destitution existing there. In one corner stands an old bedstead (quite a rare piece of furniture among this class of people): near it is a pine table which completes their household stock, excepting the chest on which the 'teacher' seats herself. They have no stove, but on the hearth kneels a puny little creature, four or five years old, who tries to make herself comfortable by kindling a few shavings which her sister has just brought in. But the shavings are speedily consumed, and the room is more cheerless than ever.

"How do you do, Maggie?" says the 'teacher' to this little one.

Her pale lips do not move; she only looks mournfully into the fireplace.

"What can be the matter with Maggie?" the 'teacher' asks, turning to the mother. "She used to have a smile and a word for me always. What has become of her mischievous, frolicsome ways?"

"Shure, ma'am, she has been sick, very sick, and since she grew better, she has been so mournful like. She never has seemed to get over it." Poor child! how could she get over it? Her bare arms and legs are thin and wasted, and purple with the cold. The mother continues—"She used to be a great singer, ma'am, but for a long time she hasn't opened her lips to sing, until the other morning before she was out of bed, I heard her singing softly to herself,

'Poor and needy though I be,
Dodd my Mater cares for me.'

The tears will come, when we realize the wretched poverty of that little lamb, yet we know that "God her Maker cares for her" so tenderly that not a hair of her head shall fall to the ground without His notice.

The 'teacher' begs the mother to send her three children to Sunday-school, which she promises to do once more (they having become neg-

lectful during the summer months): then she turns to Maggie—"Won't you bid me good-bye, dear?" She holds out her little hand, while a wan smile lights up her woe-begone face, and we take our leave. If you will step up to the school-room on the ensuing Sunday, you will see Maggie sitting on her little bench, with hands folded on her lap, looking quite cheerful in comparison with her previous sadness. Perhaps her cheerfulness might be traced to a pair of new plaid stockings which cover her feet—upon which she casts a complacent look ever and anon. Her sisters, Mary and Katy, are there with their glossy black hair and blue eyes. The three children are all pretty.

The day is a stormy one, but we have forty-five scholars. Mary Ann, leaning on her crutch, is there. Christina and her sister, and our three fair-haired children also. There are a number of faces which have not gladdened the 'teacher's' heart since the early part of summer, just before her going into the country. Many of these are German children, to whose homes you shall be introduced, sometime.

There is one over whom the 'teacher' rejoices especially. She also is leaning on a crutch. Her name is Sarah Jane E——. She is an American child, with a countenance full of intelligence and good-humor. Last spring, in company with our City Missionary, I visited her home for the first time. I was shocked, on my entrance, by the spectacle of a young girl, some sixteen years of age, extended upon the floor in one corner, with a heap of rags beneath her and some scanty covering thrown over her. Her countenance bore unmistakable evidence of sickness and sorrow. The mother informed me that she was Sarah Jane's oldest sister. For years she had suffered from a disease of the hip. When Sarah Jane was a child she met with an accident which lamed her for life, also. Thus these two sisters were both cripples.

The sick girl seemed worn out with suffering. She received us in sullen silence—not deigning to look at us, or reply to our inquiries respecting her state of mind. Her mother informed us that she was anxious to die, hoping to get rid of her tortures—but she did not think her prepared to enter a happier world, by any means. My companion asked if he might pray with her. She vouchsafed no reply; but with Mrs. E.'s hearty consent, he knelt by that heap of rags and commended her to the Great Physician. We were obliged to leave her with sad hearts. 'Twas a terrible thought, that one so young should, in sullen despair, welcome death as a deliverer from the combined evils of poverty and disease to which during her whole lifetime she had been a victim.

Three weeks since, I again fell in with Sarah Jane. "How is your

sister? Is she dead?" were my first questions. "Oh! no, ma'am; she isn't dead—but we've moved," was the reply. "Will you show me the place?" She eagerly assented, and hobbled merrily on, till we came to an isolated shell of a house, on the borders of civilization as it seemed to me. Her mother greeted me warmly; and just as I seated myself, a voice cried out from a back room, "Bring her in here, mother!" I followed Mrs. E. into the room, where in one corner, on a low bedstead, lay the sick girl. She stretched out her hand cordially, to my great surprise, and offered me a seat by her bedside. Wondering within myself at the change in her demeanor, and still more at the softened expression of her countenance, I turned to Mrs. E.—"Your daughter has altered since I visited you before, has she not?" "Oh! yes, indeed—she reads her Bible every day, and all the Sunday-school books she can get hold of. She seems to be changed very much." She was, indeed. I could hardly believe that the childlike, affectionate, and uncomplaining creature before me was the same one whose features, so harsh and sullen when I had seen them before, impressed the beholder with the idea that she had grown old in suffering. After some religious conversation with her, I took my leave, rejoicing in the change.

Her sister and a little brother are now steady in their attendance at Sunday-school and day-school—while their sister at home hopes and longs to come with them. May God bless her with His favor, whether living or dying!

L. E. C.

TIME'S CHANGES—THE NEW HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

BY THOS. S. EELLS.

NEARLY five years since, while standing in Cross-street, I observed a large number of rowdyish boys and strange-looking men enter a dark alley. Curiosity prompted me to ascertain who they were and what their business was. Wrapping my cloak around me I followed on. The first step was—splash!—mud and garbage in piles!—ten such steps brought me to the entrance of a stable. In the darkness I stumbled against a ladder,—up I went—every other round was broken, yet I felt my way till my head struck a door, shoving it open. Out popped another head, with a pleasant face to it, bidding me, with a complaisant smile, to "walk in." I crawled in, for the room was too near the garret for walking. A man about thirty years of age, with an intelligent and rather insinuating expression of countenance, greeted me and in answer to my

inquiry, "who were those strange-looking men and boys who have just entered here?" with a hearty laugh informed me that they were his journeymen and apprentices. "Look!" said he, pushing open a further door. A room about ten feet by twelve was filled with the most uncouth creatures I ever saw. "Why," said he, observing my surprise, "I have an army of scores of such as these, who come and go at my bidding, and at the dead hour of night, my forces are at work in every ward in the city."

"What! a burglar? and are these your tools?"

"A burglar—Good!—No, no, my friend," continued my new acquaintance, with a touch of self-importance,—“I am Mr. WILLIAM FARLOW, the celebrated Bill-poster, well known all over the city.”

Apologizing for my mistake, I took my leave of him, and made my exit by way of the broken ladder, into the street, where I most truly appreciated the blessings of pure air. Three years after this occurrence it chanced that I had passed a whole week without visiting the Five Points, and when I next entered those dark precincts, I saw with astonishment the change which had taken place in the exterior of four of the old rookeries where thieves, villains, and poor forsaken wretches herded. Covering the front of the four buildings was a large sign which read—“FARLOW’S COURT.” *Farlow*—who is he?—the name’s familiar—I’ll investigate. Stopping at the front door—I found the stairs carpeted, a brass knocker, and on a small brass plate, the name “FARLOW.” A smart rap with the knocker brought the same smiling face, with the bowing “walk in, sir,” of my old acquaintance of the Cross-street stable-attic. A hearty shake of the hand was followed by permission to examine at any time, at my own convenience, any part of his ‘Court.’

During the two years that he was landlord of this noted ‘Court of Death,’ I explored it at all hours—and the scenes that I there witnessed cannot be told by tongue or pen. The buildings were of three stories, attic and basement, and every room was a den of infamy. Every species of crime and villany was planned and executed there. Often at night the cry of murder resounded within those walls, and criminals of the deepest die walked in and out at all hours unmolested. From three to five hundred human beings burrowed there: the Old Brewery in its darkest days was not worse. Not a room in all these buildings but had witnessed death in its most frightful and unnatural forms, either by the hand of the assassin, by famine, or by hideous disease. Even yet the sounds of cursing and blasphemy that have pierced my ears so often there, still linger in my memory with terrible vividness. The three basements were all rum-holes, all devoted to rapine, violence and lust; all overflow-

ing with depraved and hardened outlaws who would not shrink from any crime. Often four and five families inhabited a room, and many of these took boarders, so that at night the floors were covered. Not a week passed but the Poor-house dead-cart stopped in front, and amid howls and shrieks enough to literally 'wake' the dead, some poor creature was carted off to Potter's field. Last summer, when it became known that the Five Points House of Industry had purchased these buildings and that they were to be torn down,—a bombshell falling among them could not have produced greater consternation in the multitudes who inhabited 'Farlow's Court.' The first who made preparation to move were the rum-sellers in the basements. Early one morning, while the rain was pouring down in torrents, a large number of miserable drunkards of both sexes were gathered about the doors, waiting to take the parting dram and assist in removing to other dens the drugged poison. With horrid oaths and imprecations, the parting dram was taken, and the moving began.

Dusty bottles filled with variously colored and flavored whiskey, marked Brandy, Gin, Rum, Wine, &c., were taken from the shelves.

Junk bottles, square bottles, flat bottles, flasks, and demijohns with their sides covered with willow, or with portraits of Washington, La Fayette, and other distinguished persons—were tumbled into old barrels and baskets. Kegs, barrels and casks, some old and some new, painted on the sides, or on pieces of tin describing the contents, were rolled into the street.

Greasy packs of cards, garments, books, and even Bibles—pawned for poison—were consigned to the arms of drunken men and women.

Sundry pieces of pine board covered all over with figures in chalk (being the *ledger* and *day-book*) were taken from the shelves and carefully deposited in a safe place—with fierce assurances to Pat, Jim, Moll and others, that no more rum should they taste till their scores were paid.

For hours the poor creatures continued to take down and carry out the contents of these houses of death, receiving as compensation, cuffs, curses and poisonous drams.

A strange scene might have been drawn from the more gradual process of emptying the other portions of the buildings. From the different rooms poured out countless wretches whose condition would have beggared description.

Old and young, men, women and children. The lame, the blind, the sick, and the dying; some on cots and some on men's shoulders. Women with big chests upon their shoulders, bending them almost to the earth.

Old women, men and boys, with bundles of stolen timber strapped together, passed out, with dogs of every species, barking and snarling as they joined in this strange procession.

Beggars of all ages and all colors with their implements of trade joined in the crowd.

Cold victual women passed out with their dirty baskets on their arms and on their heads the bundles of shavings on which they slept, and which constituted the entire furnishing of their abodes.

Many of these people were bareheaded and barefooted: all were ragged and squalid beyond description.

Some were so battered and disfigured with drink, disease, and dirt, that the looker-on could not tell of what color they were.

Crowds of little ones, from the squalling baby to the fighting boy, swelled the throng and the tumult. But who shall tell the invisible things that passed out with them?—the demons, the vices, the passions, the rankling crimes, the guilt, the fell purposes, that bore each lost wretch company!

Day after day passed, and still the wretched inmates were moving; and when night came, though the rum sellers had gone, and the junk-shop man,—wearied with handling the scraps and fragments purloined from the old buildings by gaunt, starving wretches who pawned them for a few pennies that they might drug their cares to a troubled sleep with poisonous rum—had closed for the night: there were yet beggars in the garrets, thieves in the cellars, and fallen creatures slunk away down in the dark corners of the deserted dens: and not until the roof was off and the bricks came tumbling down about their heads, did the last of the homeless wretches leave their hiding places.

“Desperate Mike” and his company of thieves moved up Cow Bay.—Poor fellow, I saw him yesterday. He is almost gone: consumption has fastened on him, and before many days I expect that Celeste the sweep will present me with a subscription paper to bury poor Mike. Though a thief, yet he has many good traits, and when he dies, his boon companions will give him a ‘beautiful wake’ and a ‘grand funeral,’ with as much pride as the followers of any other fancy man.

As I passed the Ocean Bank a few days since, a well-dressed policeman stood upon the steps. He caught my eye—and there was the same complaisant smile and polite bow that I received in the stable-garret, and in the best carpeted room in ‘Farlow’s Court.’ It was the once Bill-poster-Farlow, Landlord-Farlow, and now Police-officer-Farlow.

About nine months have passed since "Farlow's Court" of Death dissolved. He who seeks for it now (as an old frequenter, returned from rusticating at Sing Sing or Blackwell's Island, was lately observed doing, in much perplexity) will find no sign remaining that it had ever been; but in its stead, the beautiful work of Him who saith, "Behold, I make all things new." Seven stories high (apparently six), the New House of Industry rises there; with deep-set windows, discovering the massive solidity of its structure; with far-seen inscription, by the aid of which whoever passes the corner of Broadway and Worth-street (late Anthony) may hereafter find the Five Points, without other guide. We said beautiful—but it has no pretensions to peculiar visible beauty: you will rather be struck with its air of plainness and modest utility.

"Yet he who sees no beauty there,—
He hath none in his heart."

Entering by two steps from the level of the side-walk, you turn directly into the chapel, a room 44 feet square, where the bare brick walls, merely whitewashed; the iron pillars; the iron beams in the ceiling, supporting arches of masonry which form the floor above;—all indicate the rigid economy of ornament, with the *liberal* species of economy in substantial, which is carried in the same manner throughout the edifice, rendering it perfectly indestructible by fire, as well as almost impervious to the alternations of heat and cold. The floors are all of iron and arched masonry, planked over with Georgia pine; the stairs all of stone; the staircases and partitions of brick. "All the modern improvements," water, baths, drains, gas, ventilation, and hot-air warming, afford the comforts and conveniences of the best dwellings. The front is 54 feet: the depth a little over 100 feet.

Passing through the ground-floor entry, you observe a large heater near the front of the building, and will find another at the rear extremity of the same floor. All the available space on the ground floor, including a small area without, is given up to fresh air and exercise for the children.

Returning to the front door, you ascend a short flight of railed iron steps to the second floor, half filled by the chapel, which has the height of two stories; and in the rear part of that floor you find sundry small apartments, and a spacious hall, 21 feet by 48, which it is proposed to open as a place of rational recreation and mental improvement for the poor, without and within. The plan of this important measure deserves a chapter by itself.

Up the next flight of stone stairs, and you are on the main floor, where the office, reception-room, large parlor, Superintendent's family apartments, &c., are found, in the front part of the building. In the rear again, we have another room, the counterpart of the reading-room just mentioned, which is beneath it, and of four others above it. This is the main dining-room, and will accommodate the three hundred children now in the schools, all at once, in place of filling the little room so long used in the old establishment *ten times*, as they have had to do, at every meal! The three similar rooms above (together with part of the front building) are for school and work-rooms: each one nearly three times the size of the largest school-room in the old House, and four times the size of the other school-rooms and the work-rooms, in which the operations of Mr. PEASE have been painfully carried on for nearly six years.

Above the parlor floor, you find also four successive floors of the same size (54 feet by 44), available for dormitories, part of the schools, and other needful purposes. Should the pecuniary resources and supply of employment be at any time equal to the accommodations now provided, it will be easy to keep six hundred children in the schools, a hundred and fifty adults in the work-rooms, and five hundred of those persons as full boarders in the House. In other words, twice as much good as heretofore can be effected, with half the labor and care, and much less proportional expense.

Cash Donations.

November, 1855.

A Lady,	\$1 00	C. Greenman, do.	\$3 00	Friend to the	W. H. Raymond,	\$1 00
Infant Class, Nan-		G. Greenman, do.	1 00	Poor,	J. W. Boyd,	1 00
tucket, Mass.,	1 00	Miss F. M. Leavitt,		T. F. C.,	Mr. House,	2 00
Mrs. Prince,	50	West Stockbridge,	5 00	B. W. R.,	Mr. Richardson,	10 00
Mr. Ropes,	1 00	John Springstead,		Samuel Roosevelt,	Two Little Boys,	2 00
S. S. Class, 2d Pres.		Saratoga Springs,	1 00	Seofield, Farnham	Mr. Buck,	1 00
Ch.,	3 00	Henry W. Fish,		& Co.,	Thanksgiving Col-	
R. G. Whipple,	2 00	Olean, N. Y.,	5 00	Hathaway & Car-	lection,	26 59
S. G. Dawson, Dav-		A Friend,	1 00	mer,	Rev. W. H. Row-	
enport, Iowa,	5 00	Mrs. Brown, Brook-		Bliven & Mead,	land, St. Thomas,	
E. Grace,	1 00	lyn, N. Y.,	2 00	D. B. Logan,	C. W.,	2 00
R. B. Smart, Ohio,	50	Three Gentlemen,	5 00	Boyd & Keen,	Abby West, Buck-	
Ladies' Sew. Circle,		Rev. Henry Grew,		Cox & Wright,	land, Mass.,	1 00
Whitesboro, N.		Philadelphia,	30 00	Wood & Bishop,	Thanksgiving Day	
Y.,	14 00	George Bruce,	100 00	Walsh & Coulter,	Fund for the	
Mrs. E. S. Dewey,	50	Miss Stone,	1 00	Briggs, Westcot &	Poor,	10 00
Mrs. Laura E.		Miss Allen,	1 00	Co.,	The Mite Soc., Tall-	
Hyde,	1 00	Milo Hildreth,		F. P. Fernald,	madge, Ohio,	50 00
Ch. B. Tatham,	500 00	Northboro, Mass.,	1 00	Long & Davenport,	Three Ladies,	9 00
Watts Sherman,	100 00	Miss Cromey,	1 00	"Self and Wife,"	Anon. Items, 31c.,	
Clafin, Mellen &		Two Little Girls,	15	J. D. Hurlbut,	29c., 4c., 50c.,	
Co.,	500 00	James Warren,	54	Mrs. McMurray,	70c., 75c., 6c., 35c.,	
E. G. Perine, Balti-		Front street,	5 00	Henry Brooks,	25c., \$2 00, 7c., 5 32	
more	5 00	Children's Benefit		A. Meldrum,	Sabbath Collections,	
T. Hyde, Westerly,	5 00	for Thanksgiving,	5 00	J. J. Henry,	\$9.40; \$28.88;	
Ch. H. Denison,		Never mind whom		Mrs. M. W. Murray,	\$20.84; \$23.08; 91 70	
Westerly,	1 00	it's from,	50 00	Mary A. Fry,		
A. C. Tift, Mystic,	1 00	M. Livingston,	5 00	Mr. Rawls,	Total,	\$1,759 26

COMFORTABLE LETTERS AND GOOD EXAMPLES.

[The following correspondents are all personal strangers.]

FROM A NEW ENGLAND MINISTER.

REV. L. M. PEASE—

DEAR SIR:—With many thanks for the pleasure and the profit afforded me during the year, by the "Five Points Monthly"—I laugh and cry over every number—I send you the subscription for another year.

I am so much interested in it, that I want others to read it also, and so I send \$1 00 that you may mail one copy, for 1856, to my friend and brother, Rev. ———. I thank you for putting it into my hand, when at your "House," last spring. I desire to see its circulation increased, especially among my fellow-clergymen. I have this evening written two notices of it, containing extracts from "Little Johnny" and "An Evening in Cow Bay," and I shall endeavor to have them published next Tuesday in the daily papers of this city.

EFFECT OF A "SPECIMEN."

REV. MR. PEASE—

DEAR SIR:—Please find enclosed \$1 00, with which I desire to subscribe for two copies of the "MONTHLY," for 1856. My brother, who is a teacher in one of the mission schools of Brooklyn, sent me a specimen of the "MONTHLY," for which, after seeing, I concluded to subscribe.

Perhaps you would like to know that I was one of the fortunate and highly-gratified *thousand* who visited you last September—from which visit I received such impressions of the importance of your good enterprise and others of a benevolent character as, I trust, will never be forgotten. That excursion, and the Convention of Sabbath-school Teachers, held here in November, have given rise to a more vigorous effort to establish, in different parts of our city, Mission Sabbath-schools, which we hope and pray may result to the glory of God, and the salvation of hundreds of the neglected youth.

FROM A MAN.

MR. CONANT—

DEAR SIR:—I have received, through the mail, during the past year, a copy of the NEW CHARITABLE MONTHLY. The source I know not, but suppose it to be from the office of publication. I am highly pleased with the Journal, and deem the cause which it advocates of very great importance. * * * I feel that I ought not to receive the periodical gratuitously, and hereby remit one dollar for the year nearly gone, and for 1856.

Pastor, Cong. Church.

FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

REV. L. M. PEASE—

DEAR SIR:—I am a Sabbath-school teacher, and have a class of eleven boys, from twelve to sixteen years old. I wish to give them a New Year's present, and it struck me that a copy of the "FIVE POINTS MONTHLY," for 1856, would be a good one. So, enclosed you will find cash for twelve copies for 1856, which you will please send to my address.

FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

Donations of Goods.

MAY TO OCTOBER, 1855.

CLOTHING.—Madison, Conn., 1 bbl.—Northampton, Mass., 3 boxes—L. Meallo, 416 Broadway, 20 bonnets—Mrs. Cable, 1 bble.—Mrs. Rochester, 1 bag—Home of the Friendless, large bble.—Mrs. W. B. Taylor, bble. and hat—Mrs. Barnard, 145 Wooster st., bonnets—Mrs. Rowell, 1 basket—Northampton, 1 box—A. R. Wellington, 1 box—Mrs. Barnard, 1 box—Ladies of Ref'd Dutch Ch., Fishkill Village, 1 box—A. W. Clarke, 1 bble.—Mrs. Bailey, 2 bdles.—Young Misses of 1st and Edward's Ch., Northampton, Mass., 1 box—Wm. B. Taylor, 1 bble.—Rev. Mr. Beidel, 1 bble.—Ladies' Benev. Soc., Union Valley, N. Y., 1 box—Mrs. Abbott, 1 bble.—Dr. Cheesman, 1 bble.—Little Falls, 1 box of bonnets—Schaffer & Co., 47 Nassau st., 1 bble.—Mrs. Wagener, 1 bble.—Canandaigua, N. Y., 1 box—Mrs. Barnard, 1 bble.—Mrs. Scantlebury, 1 bble.—Mrs. Stratton, 1 bble.—Luman Pease, 1 barrel—Elizabethtown, N. J., 1 bble.—Ladies' Chari. Sew. Soc., New Hartford, 1 bbl.—Sandwich, Mass., 1 basket—Leominster, Mass., 1 box—West Meriden, Conn., 1 bbl.—Olsdawa W. Branch Benev. Soc., goods valued at \$23 25—Ely, Clapp & Bowen, 4 pcs. prints, sheeting, &c.—Mr. Stearns, 1 bble.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Boston S. S. Teachers, 100 loaves bread—Truslow & Bros., 1 ton coal—Mr. Alger, 1 tub butter—Mrs. L. Spencer, Oak Orchard, 2 bbls. apples.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1855.

CLOTHING.—Mr. Judson, 57 M. Lane, 3 doz. suspenders—Ladies of Canton, N. Y., 1 box—Ashland Miss. Soc., 1 bbl., valued \$33 29—Mr. Stearns, 1 bble.—Mrs. Stratton, 1 bble.—Ladies' Sew. Circle, Whitesboro', N. Y., 1 box—Ladies of Pres. Ch., Portville, N. Y., 1 box—Mrs. Corinith, 25 Catharine st., 1 bble., and box of fancy goods—Mrs. De Fay, 1 basket and 2 bdles.—Newell, Harmon and Williams, 35 Murray, and 60 Church sts., 26 pairs shoes—Sears, Morley & Co., 115 Liberty st., 31 pairs shoes—Wm. R. Brewster, 34 Dey st., 12 pairs shoes—Ladies' Sew. Circle, Baptist Ch., Wells-ville, N. Y., 1 box—A. G. Trask, 42 Warren st., 25 pairs shoes—Mrs. Rowland, 1 bble.—Mrs. Thos. Hastings, 1 bble.—Frothingham & Newall, 81 Warren st., 60 prs. shoes—Richards & Whiting, 33 Cortlandt st., 36 prs. shoes—Starling, Cushing & Hegeman, 105 Liberty st., 32 prs. shoes—Quackenbush & Co., 52 Dey st., 16 prs. shoes—Mr. Kidder, 154 Water st., 24 prs. shoes, and 1 overcoat—Wells & Christie, 35 Cortlandt st., 68 prs. shoes—Tibel & Ball, 35 Murray st., 20 prs. shoes—S. H. Sterling, hats, caps, and bonnets—Swift, Hurlbut & Co., 4 doz. hats—Granger & Gamble, 2 pkgs. bonnets—P. P. Shaw 45 Dey st., 20 prs. shoes—Otis & Co., 85 Dey st., 25 prs. shoes—Southwick & Co., 259 Pearl st., 12 prs. boots, and 43 prs. shoes—B. Blanchard, 259 Pearl st., 6 prs. boots and shoes—Seger & Nichols, a large number of cloth caps and hats—Unknown, 24 prs. shoes—Mrs. Bishops, trunk of clothing—Johnson & Shephardson, 42 Cortlandt st., lot of hats and bonnets—Cronin, Hurxthal & Sears, 3 pcs. prints—J. H. Ransom, 32 Cortlandt st., 50 prs. shoes, valued at \$30 00—S. Corbett, 183 Greenwich st., shoes, valued at \$70 50—A. Rankin & Co., hosiery, valued at \$22 08—S. R. P., 23 yds saracenet—Miss K., 1 bble.—4 dolls.—A Lady, 1 bble.—Mrs. Heymer, 1 bble.—Mr. Pindar, 170 Fulton st., Brooklyn, woollen hose and tippets—A Lady, 1 bble.—Mrs. Isaac T. Smith, 1 bble.—Mrs. Crown, 1 bble.—Freeland, Stewart & Co., pc. print—Ladies, and others of Bap. Ch., N. Orange, N. Y., 1 large box (also, bbl. apples)—Mrs. Le Baron, 1 bble.—Mrs. Deve-reux, Preston Hollow, N. Y., 1 box—Unknown, 1 box—Norfolk, N. Y., 1 box—Mrs. Watson, 1 bble.—Mrs. Wetherel, 1 bble.—Miss Bacon, 1 bble.—No. 44 20th st., 1 bble.—Willie and Eliza Wilson, 1 bble. shoes—Ladies in Sandwich, Mass., 1 pkg.—Ladies' Chari. Soc., Wallingford, Vt., 1 pkg.—Mrs. Moore, 1 large pkg.—Thos. S. Ellis, 100 lbs. venison—Savery's Hotel, 1 bble.—Pupils of Mrs. Henry Dana, 1 large bble.—21 Clinton Place, 1 pc. sheeting, 1 bble., and apples—Stone, Weaver & Co., 2 Maiden Lane, 1 bble.—Miss Josephine Turner, garments, cakes, and pies—Ladies' Soc., & S. S. Sew. Circle, Philadelphia, N. Y., 1 pkg.—Paine, Fisher and Rhodes, box of caps—Miss A. Pearson, Canandaigua, 1 bbl.—Madison Square Y. Ladies' Sew. Soc., bdles.—Lady in Keyport, 1 bble.—E. Bradley & Co., 53 Warren st., 222 prs. shoes—Y. Ladies' Miss. Soc., W. Tisbury, Mass., 1 bble.—Howes, Hyatt & Co., 55 Murray st., 23 prs. shoes—Rev. Mr. Cuyler, 1 bble.—H. Atkins, lot of caps—N. H. Price, 1 pc. print—Mrs. Beebe, 1 bble.—F. A. Sterling, pkg. hosiery and other goods—George & Brothers, 17 Murray st., shoes—Ladies of Butternuts, 1 bbl.—Ladies of Sylvan Creek, 1 box—Mrs. Clarke, 4 pkgs.—Ladies' Circle of Industry, Manchester, Conn., 1 pkg.—Miss Pringle, 1 pkg.—Hill, Groves & Co., 1 pkg.—Mr. Corbett, 37 Dey st., 1 case shoes—Unknown, 1 case shoes—Mrs. Rich, 1 bble.—Miss Cogswell and Miss Kenyon, 1 pkg.—A few little girls, New Haven, Conn., 1 bble.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Brown & Co., 1 bbl. potatoes—D. Postick, 1 bbl. apples—Beef, poultry, sausages, and mutton, from Washington Market—Mr. Rogers, 449 Broadway, 1 large box toys—W. B. Hamlin, Dundee, N. Y., 9 chickens—Fish, from friends in Fulton Market—Beef and fowls from Fulton Market—Rogers & Co., and others, 1 tub of clams—Mrs. Atkinson, large cake—Miss Ledyard, cake—A Brooklyn S. School, per Mrs. Brown, box of nuts—Remington & Co., 1 bbl. pickles—Earle's Hotel, 3 turkeys—Tammany Hotel, 2 turkeys and 4 chickens—Hecker & Brothers, 237 Farina puddings—Dr. McMurray, 2 turkeys—Mr. Savage, 1 turkey—Howard Hotel, bread, roast beef, boiled ham, and mutton—Western Hotel, turkey, ham, and bread—Cortlandt St. House, turkey, ham, apples, and pies—Merchants' Hotel, 12 pies, geese, chickens, and lamb—Manhattan Hotel, turkeys and chickens—Thompson's Saloon, 2 beautiful pyramid cakes, and a quantity of ice cream—Rev. Mr. Cuyler, 3 loaves cake—Pheps & Carley, Fulton Market, 500 oysters—Clifford House, 2 turkeys and 1 large fancy cake—Mrs. Caldwell, 5 pies—Carlton House, 8 turkeys and 3 loaves—Astor House, 70 lbs. beef, 12 lbs. butter, 53 lbs. ham, 10 turkeys, 24 loaves—Metropolitan Hotel, turkeys, chickens and ham—Brandreth House, mutton, ham, turkeys, and roast beef—United States Hotel, roast beef, 4 loaves, and 1 chicken—A friend, per Bishop & Robertson, 50 lbs. beef—St. Nicholas, 50 loaves, meats, poultry, and beans—Mrs. C. W. Rogers, lot of toys—Wardwell, Knowlton & Co., 1 box raisins—Cobb, Wilson & Co., do.—Lewis & Brown, do.—Wardwell, Paige & Co., do.—Earle, Porter & Co., do.—Sherman & Hollins, 2 boxes, do.—Spencer & Porter, 2 boxes, do.—Mrs. Deve-reux, Preston Hollow, N. Y., 4 bbls. apples and potatoes—North Orange, N. Y., 1 bbl. apples—Mr. and Mrs. Mite, Strykersville, 1 bbl. apples—John D. Lynde, 3 bbls. apples—2 parcels books, per R. Orton—David Ripley & Co., Newark, lumber valued at \$129 73—J. N. Johns & Co., Towing, \$5 00.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A YEARLY WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

Most of your subscriptions expire with this number. For special reasons—having much more to say to you—we earnestly desire those subscriptions renewed. Meantime, to those in the country with whom it is not easy for our collectors to communicate, in your scattered homes, we shall be obliged to say a kind but reluctant good-bye, till such time as we hear from you again. And lest—which may your hearts forbid—there should be some to whom we shall not have another opportunity to say it, we will take this occasion to render no customary acknowledgments, but the gratitude of a full heart, for the peculiar kindness we have received from all of you. We estimate some four thousand different subscribers, who up this time have borne, from one to two years, with all the grave imperfections in the inexperienced and poverty-hampered editing and issuing of this Monthly, without a single unkind complaint! But what shall we say to hundreds of this number who have not only borne with us, but have sent us their fervent blessings and prayers, and lavished their labors—often of far greater price than ours—in aid of our humble efforts! We can only trust that the same LORD who sent their aid hither, will also find means to make it effectual through this poor agency for His purposes of mercy to man,—and especially to themselves, our gratefully cherished and beloved though unseen friends.—And still they come!

PLYMOUTH COLLECTION OF HYMNS,

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Designed for Christian Congregations.

Three Editions of this invaluable work are now published.

Also, the same work with Music attached. It has been already adopted by the

PLYMOUTH CHURCH, Brooklyn;

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UNION CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, New-York;

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Chicago;

Also, the churches in Kenawannee, Elgin, and Brimfield, Ill. Also, in Rev. Mr. Wayland's, Worcester, Mass., and Rev. Mr. Balkam's church, Lewiston, Mo. Many other churches are now examining the work with reference to introduction.

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Its operation is a THROUGH stitch, taken with a SINGLE thread, and the work can not be distinguished from hand-sewing, except by its superior accuracy and perfection.

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These machines run *without noise*, and can not be run out of order.

Tailors, Dressmakers, and Families are respectfully invited to visit and examine the machine, its operation, and its work.

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Our subscribers in the cities of New-York, Brooklyn and Newark, being numerous and accessible, will continue to receive the Monthly, as heretofore, and if receiving it without objection will be considered subscribers still, and charged accordingly. The copies for New-York and Brooklyn, have been invariably sent through BOYD'S Despatch Post, with the postage (amounting to a considerable sum) *prepaid by us on every copy*; and will continue to be sent in the same or a similar manner. Those who have cause to complain will therefore perceive, that more could not have been done on our part. A number have lost their subscriptions by neglecting to give us notice of their removals. Yet we desire to *warrant* the reception of our Monthly to every subscriber, and stand ready to supply missing numbers, except when lost by the loser's own neglect.

To all our readers we will venture to hold out hopes of much greater regularity than heretofore, in our issues: partly from increased experience, improved system, and greater exertion, on our part: but mostly from the more adequate means to pay the printer, which we rely on receiving from them, and the want of which has always been the chief cause of our tardy monthly appearance. But there are some causes connected with your vexations as subscribers, over which we have no control. While we claim no exemption from human fallibility, we take a degree of pains which few would imagine, to have every subscriber served as promptly as possible, but at all events *surely*. We direct every copy with our own hand—being unable to pay any one for doing it, or to find any one *else* willing to do it without pay. But after all in our power has been done, the great Government junk-shop traditionally called the Post-office, too often, alas! consigns our unread pages back like spoil work to the paper-maker, for a

FREDERICK V. RUSHTON,
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[Jelycot]

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Scrofula, or King's Evil; Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face; Blotches, Boils, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, and Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury; Ascites, or Dropsy; Exposure or Imprudence in Life. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be removed by this Preparation.

The attention of the reader is respectfully called to the following certificate, showing what has been effected by the use of this invaluable medicine; and daily experience produces results equally remarkable:

"NEAR GIBSON'S WELLS, TENN., Jan. 10, 1855.

"MESSRS. A. B. & D. SANDS—Gentlemen, my daughter, aged 17 years, was some time ago seized with an ulcer in the front of her nose, which gradually increased, eating away the flesh, and became very painful. We tried all the remedies we could hear of, without checking the disease. I at length procured a bottle of your Sarsaparilla, which afforded her almost immediate relief; and after taking three bottles, her nose became quite sound, and she is now as healthy as she ever was in her life.

"Yours, respectfully,

"PATRICK GLEESON."

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. Sands, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, corner of William. New-York. Sold by Druggists generally.

mere tithe of what they have cost you and us; and while you are expecting your 'Five Points Monthly,' it is already returned to pulp, and will visit you, if ever, as the inexpressive envelope of a pound of tea, or in like ignoble capacity. The Post-office at NEWARK owes us and our subscribers a heavy score for local malfeasance, which deserves a severe exposure; but we overlook it for the present. That at AUBURN has imposed on us the necessity of an explanation to our subscribers there. Our packages sent to that place have been repeatedly detained in the post-office for weeks, and finally returned to us, scrawled over with rude and even coarsely ill-tempered dispatches from the Postmaster—or more probably from some hare-brained youth in his employ. The cause—we did *once* ask the customary accommodation of having our Auburn copies distributed in that post-office by a list. This might have warranted a civil note declining the service; but it did not excuse the rude and doubly injurious mode of notice employed—which we nevertheless acted upon at once without remark, thus removing every shadow of excuse for the subsequent aggressions. Our Auburn popularity may well be past surgery, under such treatment; but if we have any friends left there who are disposed to try us again, we entreat them not to expect too much while so much depends on the functionary whose conduct we have exposed. We are happy to say that so far as we are concerned and *informed*, other postmasters, although so many are mere political hacks, both incompetent and negligent, have generally endeavored to be as faithful, civil, and even accommodating, as was strictly consistent with their personal convenience. To many we are under obligations which it is a pleasure to acknowledge.

We owe our printer (Mr. John A. Gray, of 97 Cliff street) a pleasanter notice. Not

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WE presume no medical preparation ever offered to the public has been more thoroughly tested than

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

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as a matter of course. On the contrary it is the first time we have been enabled, in a considerable experience, to express decided satisfaction with services of the kind. Then we must be exacting? Granted. Like all other *struggling* editors, we are liable to be behind-hand and in a hurry for our work: more than almost any (as our pages show) we require superior execution in every department: as much at least as other men, we delight in kindly feeling, kindly expressed in manner and action, in the relations of business. It would be truly strange if Mr. GRAY had not his equals in these respects, among the printers of a city like this: but it is certain that none of those *we* have known deserve comparison with him. Unsparingly as we work, at times, to push our Monthly through the printing-office and bindery, we have known him we speak of equally pains-taking in person, for the same object, although our small business could be of little importance to an establishment where thirty or forty periodicals, including many of the leading literary and religious journals of the country, are but a minor portion of the regular work.

We refer to the body of this number as a specimen of the work of Mr. GRAY, as well as of the style of our Monthly for 1856. (The stereotype plates, however, were made by Mr. W. H. TINSON, of No. 24 Beekman street.)

We have written thus far without once dipping pen in ink. Furthermore, we expect to keep on, and write our share of the Monthly till about next July, before stopping to take a dip. Wherever we go, we shall carry this magical pen with us, ready to write if needful in the street, in the woods, on the steamboat or cars, with never an inkstand to upset in our lap, at home or abroad. Also, our pen is never too full—never too dry: it lays on just the ink needed everywhere, no blots falling, no catching and sputtering, no deep streams of ink in the heavy strokes threatening to overflow their banks at the first incautious touch and compelling us to spread out our manuscript all over the desk to get inspected, scattered, and blown away:—sand and blotting paper are no more, for the last line dries while we take breath over it. We never wrote with a better pen, more convenient or less objectionable in any single respect. We do not know yet, but it is *said* to be indestructible by use, and not liable to get out of order. Its materials are all incorrodible. It is Prince's celebrated Fountain Pen, and if our experience induces any of our readers to avail themselves of this real blessing, we shall not grudge the worthy inventor the smaller benefit it may bring to him.

Any of our friends who have spare copies of the June or December number, would confer a favor by sending them to us.

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